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VOL. 39—No. 41

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1861

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The *Morning Chronicle*, alluding to the same song, writes, "Mlle. Lancia gave Mr. Frank Mori's new and highly captivating ballad, 'A thousand miles from thee'—composed expressly for her—with a fervour of sentiment and refinement of expression, which demonstrated that she sings from the heart."

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Hope Villa, Torquay, October 1861.

MR. GEORGE TEDDER will sing Ascher's New Song, "Alice, where art thou," at the Bromley Rifle Corps' Band Concert on Monday next.

MR. ALFRED GILBERT and MADAME GILBERT beg to announce their removal from 13 BERNER'S STREET to the "WOODLANDS," 236 MAIDA VALE, W. All communications respecting THE ARION, to be addressed to Mr. H. Moody, at the Offices, 9 Conduit Street.

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MUSIC.—(From the *Brighton Gazette*, Sept. 26, 1861.)—The opinions concerning the management of the great provincial musical festivals, to which we gave expression in last week's *Gazette*, have awakened the wrath of certain parties concerned. It seems as if human nature will persist in believing itself perfection, and this in spite of Addison's beautiful assertion that "perfection is not the attribute of man, therefore he is not degraded in the knowledge of an imperfection." The musical critic of Aris' *Birmingham Gazette* thinks differently. He has made a savage onslaught upon all such persons who have dared to call in question his judgment. He again emphatically denies the soundness of the policy to which reference has above been made. To his mind nothing would tend more surely to lower the character of, and effectually to annihilate these festivals, than the introduction of a novelty! We shall say no more on the subject, but shall remain as strong as ever in the conviction to which Burke gave expression, when he said, "Some degree of novelty must attach to every instrument which is to work upon the soul." We shall still believe that the public would not lose one iota of respect and veneration for those sterling works with which they are so frequently indulged, if an occasional opportunity were afforded them of hearing some of the immortal creations of Bach, of Palestrina, of Hasse, of Caldara, of Graun, of Fasch, and many others. See to it Birmingham, and see to it Hereford. "Nichts gewagt, nichts gewonnen."—A report is again current that Johanna Wagner is about to relinquish the operatic stage. It is to be hoped that such is her intention. Any one who has recently heard her will agree with us when we say that it is high time she took this step. A great deal of contumely has been thrown upon her (and in quarters where it was least expected), because she purposes becoming essentially an actress and not a singer. It has been asserted that for this she has no qualifications, and that such a step would prove disastrous to her reputation. This we deny most emphatically. In our opinion she could not do anything more desirable. Who that has beheld the terrible energy she infuses into her representation of "Lady Macbeth,"—the consummate skill with which she acts—(not sings) Orpheus; and the irreproachable personification of Elizabeth, in *Tannhäuser*,—who it may boldly be asked, would dare to point the finger of scorn, and say that Johanna Wagner was never born to be an actress?—It would be a bold man indeed,—one not less unscrupulous than bold. Let her try the experiment in England,—let an unbiassed public (if such a thing exists), see her, and we believe that that public would go forth enraptured and spell-bound with the intellectual conception she has of her parts, and the majestic and commanding grace which accompanies all her movements.—The programme of another concert, at which Mad. Lind is to sing, is now published. This establishes the truth of our last week's remarks. The concert in question, is, it is true, in aid of a charitable object, and we willingly pay our tribute of gratitude to Mad. Lind for the kind sympathy which she invariably evinces for such holy objects. Still, we feel sure that it would not in any way impair her fair reputation if she would for ever abandon the silly method which has of late years become, unfortunately, "fashionable," of misleading the public (after all her best friends), by announcing quasi "farewell" concert s.—Mr. Dwight, the respected editor of the Boston (U.S.) Musical Journal, bearing his name, was amongst the passengers of the Great Eastern. He was returning home after a lengthened stay in England, which, we are in a position to say, afforded him the most unqualified pleasure.

JOHN TOWERS.

Reviews.

"The Child's first Music Lessons"—by C. NATALIA MACFARREN. (Robert Cocks and Co.)

This really excellent little work consists of "ten melodious exercises, in different keys and measures, for the pianoforte, intended to make the first lessons easy and agreeable to little children." The preface of the authoress is good (and short) enough to quote:—

"Nothing is more difficult than to bring little people to practise finger exercises, and to pay attention to measure and accentuation. Without the former, proficiency is impossible; without the latter it is dead and purposeless.

"These exercises are an attempt to combine some degree of melodic interest with those studies indispensable to the musical beginner. They are all within the limit of five notes, and therefore practicable for the smallest hands, and it is hoped require the smallest amount of explanation to render them intelligible to little children."

What is stated in the above will hardly be denied; nor, when the work has been examined, the thoroughly adequate manner in which the desired requisites have been supplied. Each exercise is preceded by the scale of the key—or rather the first five notes of it, up and down—fingered precisely as each note of the scale is to be fingered, at the place where it may occur, and re-occur in the subsequent lesson. Underneath each lesson are simple and useful directions as to counting and general practice. There are three lessons in the key of C, one in A minor, one in G, two in D, one in A, one in E, and one in E flat—all major, the minor mode, for the most part, and extreme keys altogether being judiciously avoided. The transitions are few, and, except "Rule Britannia," the trios are all original. We can recommend *The Child's First Music Lessons* unhesitatingly, as one of the best conceived and most available things of the kind that we remember to have seen. The names of the new tunes are, "Recruits at Drill," "Sunday Evening," "The Rocking-horse," "Parade," "The Doll's Ballad," "The Mail Coach," "The stolen Bird's Nest," "The Cuckoo," and "The little Brook." They are all (like "Rule Britannia") in unison.

"There be none of Beauty's Daughters"—words by Lord BYRON, music by E. BUNNETT, Mus. B. (Addison, Hollier and Lucas).

Byron's famous words have often been set before, and among the rest by two Jews—one eminent, the other not eminent—Nathan and Mendelssohn (let the reader decide which is which); also our Auld-Reekied countryman, T. M. Mudie, has married the lines to music with his accustomed intelligence, sensibility, and skill. Now Mr. Bunnett, though possessing his modicum of all these desirable qualifications, has produced a song which would have been better if less ambitious (in other words, simpler)—better, if he had been unacquainted with Mendelssohn, and better if, being well acquainted with Mendelssohn, he had never been fascinated by the peculiarly cloying harmonies of Spohr, which ill assort with the more diatonic, and, so to speak, Sebastian-Bachic system of Mendelssohn, and the diaphonous purity of the Byronic numbers. Nevertheless, the song is well felt and musicianly written, and on that account alone should be commended.

"Let me near to Thee"—words and music by BENNETT GILBERT. (Robert Cocks and Co.)

In his capacity of poet, Dr. Gilbert has, it would appear, a company of echoes at beck, whose mission, nevertheless, would seem to be infructuous, inasmuch as, while

his "heart" is "torn by many a bitter smart,"* they (the echoes) vainly do "the answer bear to" his "sighs of wild despair"—which is, perhaps, scarcely surprising, considering that the musical strains through which that answer is conveyed by said echoes (written by Dr. Gilbert, it may be pretermitted, echo's, perhaps to assert his right of possession) is less vigorous than maudlin, while neither to any remarkable extent, and, calculated by the rule of thumb, nothing at all in particular.

"Tyrolienne"—Par FRANCOIS ABT. (Robert Cocks and Co.)

This piece is styled, on the title-page, "*Morceau élégant pour le Piano*." "*Morceau élégant*" be it—any thing, in short, except "*Morceau original*." A staler "first subject" we have not examined for years; while in the second, which is not a bit fresher, we find such harmony as the subjoined:—



Is this treatment of the "six-four" harmony to counterbalance a manifest "crib" (the familiar term will be excused) from one of the "*Songs without Words*" in Mendelssohn's Book 2 (No. 4), with the harmony dis-Mendelssohned, and consequently spoiled?



Surely this is ABTER than apt!

"Le Barbier de Seville"—Fantasia composed as a Piano-forte Duet. By ARTHUR DELASEURIE. (Robert Cocks and Co.)

This inappropriately styled "Fantasia" is, nevertheless, a duet of some water, inasmuch as it embodies, with embellishments (not improvements) by Delaseurie—"der auf seine wei'er" (after his manner), as Wagner says of the black poodle—a small portion of the opening chorus, and a very large portion of the duet "All' idea di qual metallo."

"I Puritani"—Fantasia composed as a Piano-forte Duet. By ARTHUR DELASEURIE. (Robert Cocks and Co.)

Mutatis mutandis, etcetera.

"Perles d'Or pour le Piano"—Par A. WEISER. (Robert Cocks and Co.)

This piece is styled on the title-page, "*Polka élégante*." "*Polka élégante*" be it—anything, in short, except "*Polka originale*." Thus much stated, we are willing to recognise whatever merit it may be found to possess by those who may be better judges than ourselves of such matters.

"Long Ago"—Musical Sketch for the Piano-forte. By VIRGINIA GABRIEL. (Ewer and Co.)

A pretty and unpretending trifle—which would have been

* Query—Henry Smart's late critics of the *Atlas*?

none the worse had its accomplished authoress, less "timorous," defied the hunters after consecutive octaves (such, for example, as "Our late Reviewer"), and written D in the bass, at the beginning of the second bar, instead of F sharp, which is neither indispensable nor satisfactory.



MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent).

October 10th.

Now for a word about the opening of the Italian Opera mentioned in my last. And first it is not uninteresting to observe that the Italian Opera is one of the most ancient theatrical establishments in Paris, descending directly from the old Comedie-Italienne of the days of Molière. Its history, too, is as illustrious as its pedigree is ancient. Among its managers it has reckoned Rossini—among its performers, Garcia, Donzelli, Galli, Pellegrini, Bordogni, Rubini, Lablache, Tamburini, Levasseur, Mario, Ronconi, and, turning to the ladies, Pasta, Pisoni, Malibran, Damoreau, Sontag, Grisi, Persiani, Alboni; and through these golden mouthpieces the Parisian public have been made acquainted with the works of Mozart, Cimarosa, Rossini, Meyerbeer, Bellini, Donizetti, Mercadante, Verdi, &c., &c. An these be not titles to distinction, genius is a farthing rushlight! Although the fashionable public of Paris is not yet quite *au grand complet*, and many tourists, single, or in family groups, still linger to enjoy this brilliant autumn amidst hills and dales, watching spendthrift nature turned miser in her decline, burying her golden leaves in the earth; although Mad. Paris is still in some measure estranged from her lawful spouse, M. Le Beau-monde, yet was there a gathering sufficient in number and brilliancy to do honour to the first night of the season. The opera was *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, and with three artists such as Mads. Alboni, Penco, and Marie Battu in the three principal female parts, the performance could not be otherwise than remarkable. Each displayed her characteristic excellence. Mad. Alboni sang the air in the second act with the incomparable grace and perfect mastery of vocalisation which are hers. Mad. Penco was dramatic, as she can be when occasion serves, and Mlle. Battu brought into play the tact and good taste of which she is mistress, and which are so necessary to the difficult character she had undertaken. All three surpassed themselves in the trio of the first act, which was carried off with admirable spirit and completeness. It is to be regretted that equal praise cannot be extended to the male performers. MM. Zucchini, Badiali and Belart could hardly be considered satisfactory, though all three are excellent artists in their way.

The event of the week next to the opening of the Italian season is the revival at the Opera Comique of *Les Mousquetaires de la Reine* by Halevy, and decidedly the best work of that composer. M. Roger, having recovered from his *morbus tenoris* in the sudden manner which is one of the peculiarities of that disease, resumed his original part of Olivier d'Entraques, in which, since he first created it

fifteen years ago, he has had no successor approaching him in the refined grace, dramatic power, and vocal ability which he combined in its performance. Fifteen years are fifteen years, and M. Roger does not possess the elixir of eternal youth. But there is a spell at the command of a true artist, a communicable enthusiasm which is of great virtue in concealing for a time the ravages of the arch-enemy; and, if the applause of the audience could be taken as the criterion, M. Roger has not lost an iota of his youthful grace and energy, nor of the power and quality of his voice. The part of Athenais de Solange was assigned to the *débutante* Mlle. Cico, winner of a triple crown at the recent competition of the Academy of Music, having taken a first prize in singing, opera, and comic-opera. The ordeal was a severe one, however complimentary to the lady's powers, and it was not surprising that she should betray a degree of emotion which, for a time, seemed almost to paralyse her fresh, clear, and resonant voice. After a time Mlle. Cico became more self-possessed, and in the difficult air, "Bocage épais," the touchstone of French songstresses, her execution was almost unblemished, and from that time the sympathies of the audience were with her. Mlle. Cico has only to gain more ease and freedom in her acting, and to acquire more steadiness and rhythm in her vocalisation to establish herself firmly in the favour of the public. *Le Postillon de Lonjumeau* is announced to follow this revival, after which the new work by M. Lefebvre-Wely will be produced, under the title of *Manon*.

THE MUSICAL WORLD, and particularly the letters of your correspondent in Paris, possesses an influence over the counsels of the government which is not shared by any other English organ—not even the most potent of them. I could give many instances of this, but that I do not wish to fall into the common vanity of correspondents, and assume oracular airs and a tone of overweening self-importance. One or two will suffice, especially as these are most marked. You may remember a military drama was announced, some months since, at the Cirque Impériale, called *L'Invasion*, the subject of which was the entry of the allied armies into France. I energetically denounced the wanton wickedness of reviving memories so bitter and so calculated to rouse the vindictive passions of the people. The Emperor was struck with the force of my observations. I put the case as strongly as I could, for I was aware that he would see them; and he immediately ordered that no such piece should be produced. I am sorry for the author, with whom I have naturally a fellow feeling; but I must prefer the peace and welfare of Europe to the interests of a brother scribe. Some little change may render the drama innocent and available in the future. Put the scene in China during the late invasion of the allied expedition, and it will do good, not harm. The other instance of my remonstrances being listened to in high quarters is what has occurred with respect to the recent ministerial order for the exclusion of ladies from the stalls of the Italian Opera House (Salle Ventadour). The temperate ridicule I threw upon this ungallant and somewhat tyrannical decree insinuated such excellent reasons for its withdrawal, that Count Walewski, who is a very sensible fellow, though a little conceited of his own views, has acted upon them. Some one who was present at the time described the effect of the paragraph upon the Minister of State. Immediately he had read it, he threw the MUSICAL WORLD violently down; then, as if after a moment's consideration, slowly picked it up again, and re-perused the lines which had given him offence. Gradually the frown on his countenance relaxed;

and, as he now for the first time perceived the humour of the remarks (though he has written a comedy, he is rather slow at taking a joke) fairly laughed out; and the fun and the argument being so closely connected—as they always are in these sort of sallies I indulge in sometimes—he at once acknowledged himself in the wrong. “Kolokol voi-vodki!” (a Russian exclamation he learned in his infancy, and which he uses when highly pleased)—“Kolokol voi-vodki!” said the Count, “ce gaillard a ma foi raison.” Forthwith the order was rescinded, and, thanks to the MUSICAL WORLD, the ladies will not be shut out from any part of the Italian Opera House which they feel inclined to adorn by their presence. “More than seventy ladies,” says the *Ent’acte*, “who have every year subscribed for stalls, are rejoicing at this reprieve from the sentence of banishment which had been so barbarously issued against them.”

A letter from Naples informs me that the *impresario* Montelli, having been unable to procure the amount of security required of him, has been finally rejected, with forfeiture of the 2500 ducats already advanced by him. The provisional management will cease at the end of this month, leaving the San Carlo Theatre in a deplorable plight, every artist of merit having already left it. The same source informs me that the Italian Minister of Public Instruction has appointed a commission to devise measures for reforming the regulations of the Royal Conservatorium at Milan. The theatre of La Scala in the same city is said to be about to lower the diapason of the orchestra to agree with that of France.

I am told that Mr. Vincent Wallace is at present in Paris, and intends staying the winter here. He is welcome.

You will hear with regret of the untimely death of the celebrated and accomplished pianist, Madame Louise Mattmann. She possessed a charming talent, and excelled in classical music, evincing her discernment and good taste in selecting the best works for performance. What adds to the sadness of this event is the knowledge that now comes to us that this poor lady died in the midst of the most cruel want. There is surely something very wrong in a state of things which allows of an artist so accomplished and eminent, from no fault of her own, falling thus into absolute penury.

BACH'S MASS IN B MINOR.

(From a correspondent.)

For weeks previous it had been known, in the musical circles of this capital, that Stern's Gesangverein was preparing for its first performance of Bach's High Mass, which was to take place on the Fast-day. The 24th of April approached nearer and nearer. The last general rehearsal came off on Monday the 22nd; but even then no one save the executants was allowed to be present; so that the mystery in which the preparations for the great musical event were still enveloped, as far as the public was concerned, became only more impenetrable, and general expectation more excited. The enthusiasm of those engaged in the performance, especially of the fairer portion, had, however, gone so far as to divulge the fact that the rehearsals went better and better, and that the magnificent work continued to increase in effect. Dark reports even were afloat that wives had deserted their husbands, and daughters, not yet arrived at years of discretion, their fathers and mothers, so as not to be absent from a single rehearsal, a course of proceeding all the more subversive of the usual arrangements of domestic life, inasmuch as several of the said rehearsals, especially the later ones, interfered most seriously with the Berlin dinner-hour. Be this as it may, however, the great and eventful evening at length arrived. When we got near the Singacademie, two immense files of vehicles were moving in opposite directions in the narrow square in front of the edifice, while countless pedestrians, threading their way between them, streamed towards the doors of this temple of the muses, which were flung wide open. We entered the room, already filled, and shortly afterwards crammed, by a brilliant audience. The numerous chorus, forming with the band an imposing mass, presented a cheering appear-

ance, while an expression of expectant, joyous, and triumphant feeling was distinctly visible on the countenance of all its members. As we knew, from personal experience, what a colossal task was in store for the Verein, the more colossal, moreover, because, as we had been informed, none of the high D major choral passages had been transposed the pleasing confidence already inspired by the well-trying Association and its excellent conductor was still more augmented. At length, the guiding staff gave the signal, and a breathless silence reigned throughout the room.

The first sorrowful cry of the chorus burst forth in the five-part “Kyrie,” and, with it, the concert-room, the motley crowd, the Past and the Present vanished. The intermediate orchestral part followed—a gradually increasing struggle of contrite sinners yearning to free themselves from earthly ties and darkness, and obtain freedom and light—being brought to a climax, when the chorus again joins in. Even in this gloomy choral movement, which, on the one hand, is the last of all the parts of Bach's Mass, to become fully intelligible to the hearer, in the depths and abysses of its unceasing consciousness of crime, and its supplications, growing every minute more and more urgent for pardon, while, on the other hand, on account of its great scope, as well as its complicated polyphony, it is one of the most difficult portions of the whole performance, Stern's Verein acquitted themselves with that brilliancy we have now a right to expect in them. The true expression of this most mighty of all “Kyries” was so well caught, and so firmly retained by the chorus, that the soul felt, as it were, set free at the chord in B flat major, which concludes the movement, and in which all the various feelings at length unite, after every voice has so long restlessly struggled to reach it. Never do we think we beheld so plainly as on this occasion, before the eye of our soul, the blooming of the flower of the Cross, which bursts forth, at last, and points plaintively heavenwards, on the highest pinnacle of this wonderful monument of Gothic art, shooting upwards, despite of every obstacle, in this major close so characteristic in the case of J. S. Bach, since we so frequently find it in many of his grand minor movements. The “Gloria” forms the strongest conceivable contrast to the “Kyrie.” While the latter is to be compared to a picture of the earth, and the struggle of mankind to soar upwards, we have in the “Gloria” a representation of the unapproachable Godhead, throned in eternal light, and raised high above space and time, filling all creation with his greatness. We were truly delighted at the full, fresh, sure tone, with which the very first separate movements of the alto and tenor voices succeeded each other. The magnificent ingenuousness, the almost childlike joyousness, which, despite the overwhelming majesty of this “Gloria,” expresses itself in the plan of the Jubilant theme, as well as in the merry D major, $\frac{3}{4}$ time, similar to that of a dance; and in the orchestral portion, forming a perfect ring around the vocal parts, were given by the conductor and his faithful chorus in a manner affording unmistakable evidence of the finest appreciation of Bach's genius. How fervent and sympathetic, too, was the execution of the “Et in Terra Pax,” which is as full of feeling as of grandeur of conception, and the theme of which presents the most wonderful contrast to the following semiquaver figure, arranged in double counterpoint, and set to the words, “Bonæ Voluntatis.” Then came the “Qui Tollis,” in which the voices, as though lost in humble and fervent contemplation of the Redeemer, who sacrificed Himself for man, answer each other, while the various orchestral parts, wonderfully contrasted with the dark, mysterious, and awe-inspiring treatment of the chorus, pours forth an inexhaustible stream of soft and weeping tones. Want of time and space compels us to mention in a merely cursory manner the mighty “Cum sancto Spiritu,” rising until, in the “Amen,” it culminates in a song of triumph, as it were, sung by the Universe in honour of its Creator—and a five-part “Credo,” on a Gregorian *cantus firmus*, written in Bach's own incomparable manner, as well as the “Patrem omnipotem,” refulgent with the presentiment of holy delight.

NIGHT HATH SONGS.—Have you never stood by the sea-side at night, and heard the pebbles sing, and the waves chant God's glories? or have you never risen from your couch, and thrown up your chamber window and listened to these? Listened to what?—silence, save now and then a murmuring sound, which seemed sweet music then. And have you not fancied that you heard the harp of God playing in heaven? Did you not conceive that you stars, those eyes of God, looking down on you, were mouths of song—that every star was singing as it shone, its mighty Maker, and His lawful, well deserved praise? Night has its songs. We need not much poetry in our spirits to catch the song of night, and hear the spheres as they chant praises which are loud to the heart, though they may be silent to the ear—the praise of the mighty God, who bears up the unpillared arch of heaven, and moves the stars in their courses.—*Spurgeon.*

DUSSIK, DUSSEK, DUSCHEK.

(Written expressly for the MUSICAL WORLD and DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC, by ALEXANDER W. THAYER.)

In the *Leipziger Musik-Zeitung*, Feb. 5, 1800, a correspondent says "the celebrated Dussek, from London, is at present in Hamburg." "He had come thither," says Gerber, in January, "as they say, to push the publications of his house." There is a story, however, that a love affair had something to do with his sudden appearance in the German seaport.*

March 5, the *Leipziger Musik-Zeitung* correspondent says, "Steibelt and Dussek, from London, were here for some time. The latter, who, as I learn this moment, is still here, 'let himself be heard,' in several solos on the pianoforte, at the Harmonie."

It appears from a list of public concerts afterwards sent to the *Leipziger Musik-Zeitung*, that during this year (1800), Dussek gave one on Feb. 24th, and a second, April 17th, in the "Einbeck House," and that, March 5th, 1801, in the same place, at a concert given by Dürsart, a singer from Berlin, he played a sonata of his own for four hands, on "a very beautiful English pianoforte by Clementi," the other player being Musik-Direktor Schwenke.

On the 23rd of April, 1801, Himmel, the Berlin Kapellmeister, gave a concert in Freemasons' Hall, in Hamburg. Among the pieces given, was a sonata by Himmel, for two pianofortes, played by the concert-giver and Dussek. "Such a sonata," says the correspondent, "played by two such perfect performers, upon two very beautiful and equal English instruments, could not be otherwise than perfectly executed." At the close of his letter, which is dated "May, 1801," the writer returns to Dussek thus:—"As you know the, with good reason so denominated, pianist, Dussek, has been with us for the last year and a half, and has performed in public several times. What pleasure people take in making comparisons! and so in this case. Some prefer Himmel; others Dussek; and as to others, they could not make up their minds. For myself, Dussek seems, both as performer, and as composer for the pianoforte—although his compositions, for correctness, fall somewhat behind those of Himmel, yet for their greater originality and characteristic touches—to merit the higher place. As to mere execution—but only in this one single respect—is Woelfl stronger than either. Herr Himmel, it is said, is going to St. Petersburg; Herr Dussek, it seems, finds a still longer stay with us agreeable."

Although in the following notice Dussek is barely mentioned, still the other names in it will justify its insertion. It is from the *Leipziger Musik-Zeitung*, vol. iii. p. 835:—

"Ottensen (a large populous village, close by Altona, on the Elbe), Aug. 2, 1801.—Yesterday, Herr Braham (properly Abraham), and Mad. Storaci [*sic*] who have come hither, *via* Vienna, from Naples, and for whom the celebrated Cimarosa composed his last opera, gave, in Herr Rainville's beautiful hall, a concert which was very brilliant, both for the distinguished artists engaged in it, and for the largeness of the audience, notwithstanding the price of admission was a ducat. Herr Braham has a voice of great flexibility and of extraordinary compass; almost all imaginable passages, ornaments and runs, he executes with astounding precision, certainty, and clearness; the only trouble is, that he overburdens all simple natural melody with his embellishments. Mad. Storaci, a well known singer these twenty years past, is nothing extraordinary. Herr Jarnovick (Giarnowichi), played a new concerto for the violin, composed by himself, and Herr Dussek performed upon the pianoforte. The receipts amounted to about 700 ducats."

I find no notices of Dussek during the winter 1801-2, but a few months later, Diabacz records his appearance in Prague, and his visit, in company with his sister, Mrs. Cianchettini, to their parents in Czaslau. Oct. 26th, 1802, Dussek gave, in the Concert Hall in Prague, a grand concert, with the following programme:—

1. Symphony, by Joseph Haydn.
2. Pianoforte concerto, composed and played by Dussek.
3. Andante for grand orchestra. Mozart.
3. Extemporaneous fantasia. Dussek.
5. Another concerto by him.

* See "Dussek's *Plus Ultra*, and Woelfl's *Ne Plus Ultra*—edited by T. W. DAVISON."—(Boosey and Sons.)

"Everybody was carried away by his masterly treatment of his instrument," says Father D. "Dussek now journeyed," he continues, "*via* Czaslau, where he spent some months with his parents, to Vienna, and appeared there in public, with the same unanimous applause."

Here occurs another confusion of dates, for Diabacz, the *Leipziger Musik-Zeitung*, and Tomaschek (in his autobiography), are hardly to be reconciled; but having no means of deciding between them, I give the passages from each, and leave the matter to judge and jury.

Apparently Diabacz is wrong in making Dussek go from Prague to Vienna. I find nowhere any contemporary notice of his being there in those years—while two notices in the *Leipziger Musik-Zeitung* seem to prove that he at this time *could* not have been there. Then, too, how could Tomaschek omit recording the concert of 1802—or the other authorities, those of 1804—if Dussek was in Prague both of those years? There is a mistake somewhere, I think.

Diabacz, a resident of Prague, gives, as we have seen, the programme of the concert of Oct. 26th, 1802. Now in the *Leipziger Musik-Zeitung* of Dec. 1st, 1802, there is an article upon music in Leipzig, beginning thus:—"Within about a month past the following foreign virtuosos have been heard here, some in the weekly, others in their own concerts." The fourth of these persons noticed is,—

"Herr Dussik (or as his name is written in our English communications, Dussek) from London, long since of highest repute, as one of the very first of pianists and a favourite composer, whose new works, not yet much known in Germany, deserve, far more than many others, a better acquaintance. In the concerto in G minor, his own composition and full of character, he mastered great difficulties apparently quite without effort, exhibiting, in addition to his extraordinary execution, a precision and delicacy not often found so combined. These excellences he manifested in a still higher degree in an extemporaneous fantasia."

A year later the same journal prints a letter from Brunswick, written by one of those asses who send communications without dates. By a careful comparison of various notices of Brunswick music, it appears that the correspondent is telling the musical events of the preceding winter, viz., that of 1802-3. Speaking of Musik-Direktor Le Gaye's series of twelve concerts, he adds, "Herr Dussek, who spent some weeks here, rejoiced us with several concertos and fantasias. Our young organists will not praise the latter." (!)

We have another proof of his presence in Leipzig in November, 1802, in the following bit of sharp writing, wherein our old friend Pleyel (in vulgar parlance) "catches it."

"SUUM CUIQUE."

"Herr Pleyel in Paris—who since he has begun to give the public fewer of his own compositions, drives the business of publishing with so much the more active and often singular industry with the works of others, and to this end has reprinted several of my compositions, published not long since, a French translation of the pianoforte school by me, which appeared in London under the title 'Dussek's Instructions, &c.—Corri, Dussek & Co.,' and did me the unexpected honour to name himself on the title-page as part author of the same. On what grounds I do not know; for certain examples, not very well chosen, and at all events very well to be dispensed with, which he introduced, certainly gave him no such right."

"During my present tour in Germany I find this pianoforte school of mine in a German translation, published by Messrs. Hoffmeister and Kühnel, in Leipzig, who have been pleased, for what reason I know not, to suppress my name from the title-page, and give Herr Pleyel alone as the author."

"Without pretending to claim for this little work any greater value than it really deserves, I still believe that it is a duty to myself and the public, to put this injustice in its true light and vindicate my claim to my own property."

"At the same time I hereby make known that a new and improved edition of the Pianoforte School, prepared by myself, much enlarged with suitable examples and remarks, and in the German language, is now in the press, and will immediately be published

by Messrs. Breitkopf and Härtel. This edition alone can I acknowledge as mine and recommend to the friends of music.

"JOHANN LUDEWIG DÜSEK."

"Leipzig, in November, 1802."

But here follows proof also that he was in Leipzig in the September preceding; and if there on September 18th, did he in those days of ante-railroad communication visit Prague in October and return to Leipzig again the next month? This certainly disproves Diabacz, *quoad* the journey to Vienna and the same months in Czeaslau.

The paragraph is from the *Zeitung für die elegante Welt*, November 20th, 1802, and is translated from an article headed "Music in Leipzig."

"Yesterday (September 18th), the great—and in respect to unlimited power over the most prodigious difficulties, perhaps the greatest—pianist of our time, made his appearance in the hall of the Gewandhaus, playing a concerto in G minor, his own composition; and an extemporaneous fantasia. Profound harmonic art and original combinations distinguish his works, but there is also much that is irregular and strange. He is burdened, oppressed one may say, by the very greatness of his powers, and yet we have proofs here and there of the high cultivation of his sense of the truly beautiful. In the free fantasia, there are other artists who are more satisfactory, and for precisely this reason. To arouse astonishment must ever be but a secondary object of the artist, but how many are they who choose rather to excite wonder than love!"

Which paragraph must have been enormously edifying to the readers of the *Zeitung* for the elegant world—sixty years since! And now to Tomaschek's reminiscences.

"In the year 1804," writes he, "my countryman, Dussek, came to Prague, with whom I became very soon acquainted. He gave a concert in the Concert Hall to a very large audience, in which after the overture, he played his military concerto: after the first few bars of his solo, the public uttered one general 'Ah!' There was in fact something magical in the mode in which Dussek, with all his charming grace of manner, through his wonderful touch, drew from his instrument delicious and at the same time emphatic tones. His fingers were like a company of ten singers, who possessing a perfectly equal executive power, can produce exactly whatever their leader wishes. I never saw the Prague public so enchanted, as then, by Dussek's splendid playing."

"His truly declamatory style, especially in cantabile movements, stands as the ideal for every artistic performance—something which no other pianist since has reached."

"His fantasia, which consisted mainly of mere broken chords, was utterly worthless until he came to the rondo of the sonata in C minor, with which he ended it. Dussek was also the first who placed his instrument sideways upon the stage, in which our piano-forte heroes, in their ridiculous exhibitions (Gaukelspiel), all follow him, even when they have no interesting profile to exhibit."

"I gave my countryman much of my time—I offered it gladly—and in return he played most of his difficult sonatas to me, by which, in the matter of touch, I gained much. To form a judgment of my talent for composition, he also visited me, and as he repeated his visits often, I of course could with reason conclude that my productions were not disagreeable to him; we also not unfrequently played sonatas for four hands together. He left Prague, and, pursued by fate in all the turns and windings of life, died soon after in Paris, in the service of the superfine Talleyrand" (in which last sentence Tomaschek has contrived to convey a false impression).

This matter of the dates given by these writers still troubles me. As Diabacz and Tomaschek were both residents of Prague, both musicians, both interested in the musical history of that city, how, in case Dussek was there both in 1802 and 1804, could both of them have known of, or recorded, but one of these visits? Another difficulty with Tomaschek's date is the intimate relations at the time existing between Dussek and Prince Louis Ferdinand of Prussia, which, from the accounts we have of this intimacy, render it—not impossible—but improbable that he went on the (then) long and weary journey to Prague in 1804. All we need in order to clear up the matter is a simple contemporary notice of a concert

or of his arrival at, or presence in, or departure from, Prague—but such a notice thus far is wanting.

(To be continued in our next.)

THE CONSERVATIVE LAND SOCIETY.—At the thirty-sixth quarterly meeting, held on the 8th at the Norfolk Street Offices, the report of the Executive Committee was read, showing that the receipts for the financial year ending September 30th, were 80,588*l.*, and the grand totals 561,588*l.* 10*s.* 9*d.* The sale of land for the year was 43,657*l.* 13*s.* 1*d.*, and the totals 298,748*l.* 4*s.* Nearly eighteen thousand 50*l.* shares had been issued, the subscribed capital being little short of 900,000*l.* since the Society was established in 1852, of which 244,581*l.* had been withdrawn under the rules at ten days' notice. The Society has now commenced its tenth year, and has acquired estates in seventeen counties. The claims to the freehold franchise of all the allottees without distinction of politics had been sustained free of expense in the Registration Courts. The report concludes by the expression of the conviction on the part of the Board that the social and commercial advantages already secured for all classes of the community will be increased still further as the system is better understood by the general public, as wild and visionary speculation had been discouraged; the view of the Committee being to rest the Society on a sound and safe basis both for the monetary inventor and the purchaser of freehold land.

ITALIAN POET NICCOLINI.—The late telegraphic despatch announced a short time since, the death of the illustrious Italian poet, Giovanni Battista Niccolini. Niccolini's name was less known in this country than that of Manzoni or Silvio Pellico, but his reputation in his own country was of the highest. His first work, *La Pietà*, published in 1804, resembled in metre and style Monte's *Bassvilliana*. It was written to commemorate the exertions of the fraternity of La Misericordia of Tuscany during the plague and inundations which devastated Leghorn in the early part of the present century. He subsequently wrote several classic plays, *Polissena*, *Ino e Temista*, *Edipo*, *Agamemnone*, *Medea*, and *Nabucco*. In this last, which was based on the fortunes of King Nebuchadnezzar, most people thought they saw veiled under Assyrian names a shadowing forth of Napoleon's downfall, and the play caused a great sensation in consequence. The success of Manzoni and the romantic school of Northern Italy induced Niccolini to choose his subjects nearer home. Accordingly he produced, with great success, *Antonio Foscari*. *Giovanni da Procida*, which appeared first in 1830, at Florence, was suppressed in the height of its popularity at the instigation of the Austrian ambassador. In succeeding years appeared *Ludovico il Moro* and *Rosmunda d'Inghilterra*. In England Niccolini is best known by *Arnold of Brescia*, which was translated into English about the year 1846. It was not put upon the stage, for which its length rendered it unsuitable; but the plot and the characters would have, in all probability, made it very successful on the stage if it had been curtailed. The arrival of Arnold at Rome, the death of Cardinal Guido, the characters of the haughty Emperor and the tyrannical Pope are finely imagined. Niccolini wrote also *Matilda*, an imitation of Home's *Douglas*, and another play based on Shelley's *Cenci*, besides a translation of the *Choephori* of Æschylus. His prose works consist of philological treatises and academical discourses, and some contributions to the *Antologia di Firenze*, which was suppressed at the suggestion of Austria. He was also engaged for many years on a great history of Suabia. In politics Niccolini was an ardent Liberal, and his aspirations for the civil and religious freedom of his country find vent in stronger expressions against the stranger and tyrants generally than is intelligible in our less heated latitudes.

MEYERBEER SKETCHED BY AN AMERICAN (NOT MR. DWIGHT AND NOT MR. THAYER).—At Berlin I had a pleasant call on Meyerbeer, who, by the way, is not so well posted up in musical matters in America as he might be. He did not know much about our opera houses, or musical people. He remembered William H. Fry, to whom, however, he did not allow just originality as a composer, but knew no one else in the musical ranks of America, excepting Maretzek. As he asked me for the name of the best musical composer now in the United States, I gave him that of George W. Bristow, which name he repeated several times till he learned it by heart. He asked about the music publishers, and, of course, I mentioned Oliver Ditson and Co., Hall and Sons, Firth and Pond, and others, but the names were so odd, that I don't believe he now remembers one of them, as they seemed to puzzle him from their vast difference to German and French names.—"Trovator."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. ALBERT LOWE.—No, only published music.

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The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1861.

BACH and Handel, two men of as different natures as it is possible to conceive, save in the common tendency of their minds towards the highest ideals, complete each other in the most wonderful manner, and, therefore, the dispute as to which was the greater is a most unfruitful one. Bach, in his course of life, closed against outward events, and taking but little share in the external movements of the art of his time, is, as well as in his works, still a mystery for us, and will remain one, until he obtains such a biographer as Handel has recently found in Germany. Perhaps the biographer himself would not object to see Bach also represented in another and clearer aspect. Starting from the organist's school, as Handel did, Bach never left his native land—nay, he was absent only a few times from Leipzig during his many years' residence in that town. That he did not strive to attain a universal education such as Handel's was less the effect of circumstances than of his own nature. His church compositions are for the most part nearly connected by the text with the pietism of his times; but his art seized only the noblest side of this—namely, profound and fervent piety, and, in its ideal purity, soared far above his poets and all the theology of the day, with its worship of "the humanly decreased" Redeemer and its sensual trifling with "the infant Jesus." While Handel allowed himself to be worked upon by the artistic influences of three nations, and while he gathered from the Italians and English sufficient to expand his German nature into universality, Bach remained the purely German composer, and it is a question whether a residence in foreign countries would have had a similar effect on him to that which it exerted on Handel. It was no part of Bach's nature or will to strive for and achieve such variety as Handel obtained. Leaving out of consideration purely instrumental music, especially compositions for the organ, his entire mental resources were displayed in religious music, and with such strength and purity that his works, like Handel's, surviving their own time, are likely to endure as long as art and religion themselves. Throughout his whole life he existed in the narrow relations of an official career, and we doubt that

he ever desired to go beyond them, for the post of Cantor at Leipzig, despite its wretchedly limited emoluments, afforded a wide field for his artistic exertions, while his mind broke through even these limits in order in his works, mostly called forth by the wants of the church, to announce higher and purer views of religion than all the theology of the age.

Handel's life, outwardly considered, was certainly far more exciting and also more brilliant; but inwardly his was still the same quiet nature living in itself, and calmly neglecting to testify his devotion to Count Flemming in Dresden, or be of use to the English ladies at their musical entertainments, without the least intention of displaying a spirit of proud refusal. The high-handed, repulsive manner with which he has frequently been reproached was nothing but the very natural behaviour of a man who, completely occupied with his own affairs, has no time to attend simply to other persons' gratification. His bursts of rage often passed the boundaries of moderation, and yet moderation and calm circumspection are fundamental traits in his character; his rage sprang not from moral weakness but from physical strength, and hence he would dismiss the shameless *evirato* Senesino, and threaten "the devil," Cuzzoni, to throw her out of window, being all the while good natured—a fundamental trait in his disposition.

"Despite the old powerful genius within him," says his new biographer, "he never, by any tricks of genius, caused his parents nights of sorrow." The difference, when he was young, between his impulse towards music and the adverse wishes of his parents; his stay in Hamburg, with its intellectually exciting artistic and literary life, degenerated into the lowest sensuality, and full of hatred, envy, and the most vulgar squabbling; the journey into Italy, with its charms and seductions of another description—none of these could, for a single moment, divert Handel from his own nature, but were merely the means of strengthening him more and more in himself. It was the fact of his character being steeled thus early, that enabled him, at a subsequent period, to display that extraordinary energy, always capable—without ever having recourse to offensive expedients—of clearing for itself, in a day or two, a new path for the one which might have been closed against it. A natural love for domestic economy enabled him, even when only a youth, to make the journey to Italy at his own expense. He never tasted the bitter bread of assistance thrown to him by restrictive patronage; he remained free from early and injurious official duty, and the enslaving favour of Courts, and, when afterwards ruined by bankruptcy, he came out of his misfortunes with honour. Yet his economy was far from being selfish; for, when he himself was in anything but a brilliant position, he gave concerts for the benefit of charitable institutions. The petty English musicians, with and without the doctorial title, trembled at the thought of him, for he could carry off from them the best appointments, to which he had certainly a better claim than anyone else, since he conducted the concerts at Court, played the organ on grand occasions of public rejoicings, composed and conducted the music for them all—and yet quietly allowed his "bellows-blower," Greene, to secure one place after the other. A character like Handel, as well as, consequently, his art, is unfortunately far enough removed from our present artistic life as a general rule; but even in his own time he stood, as did, also, Bach, isolated, and really shone forth like a sun from the midst of the doings of *evirati* and *virtuosi* in England; and all this, too, without any pretension, but as became his nature, imbued originally with pure, broad tendencies, and afterwards

rightly developed. Modern times can only show one ideal of perfectly free artistic elevation, essentially like him, although apparently different, and that is—Beethoven.

ANOTHER of the actors of the legitimate old school has passed away from us, but, like the comedian whose death we chronicled last week, in consequence of long absence from the stage, his loss has not been immediately felt. Mr. Vandenhoff was a genuine artist, in the best sense of the word. By study, perseverance, and an instinctive love for his profession, he won for himself a high position among his brethren of the sock and buskin. His intelligence was very great, and few, even off the stage, could boast of a superior classical education. Vandenhoff was, in short, a scholar and a student, and, with his talents and training, could hardly fail to have won honours in any business of life to which he might have been summoned. That he devoted himself to the stage may or may not be matter of regret. It is our opinion that, notwithstanding the laurels he reaped as an actor, his powers might have found a more legitimate field for their operation. That he had numerous and enthusiastic admirers cannot be denied, and that some even went so far as to insist that he was a better Shaksperian actor than Macready is equally true. The last assertion, however, was a libel on the great dramatist, and could have been indulged in by those only who knew nothing about poetry or acting. That Vandenhoff should have friends and warm admirers was natural, was inevitable; and that some of these should allow their prejudice to outweigh their judgment was most probable.

With all his art and keen perception of character, Vandenhoff, whatever picture he was drawing, never filled up the imagination of the spectator, never struck out new sparks of thought to dazzle the mind, never moved the heart with a shock like that of a galvanic battery. Where everything was detailed; where the personages were portrayed with minuteness and laid down in colours not to be mistaken; where every phase of the character was obvious, every thought made apparent, every emotion rendered determinate; where, in short, nothing was left to the imagination, and the rational powers only were taxed, Vandenhoff's acting was consummate—not to be surpassed—realising, in fact, the highest aspirations of the poet. But such an actor by his very constitution was precluded from grasping the poetical subtleties of Shakspeare's creations, which, although true to nature, were not traditional, conventional, nor commonplace, but new and ethereal, requiring a plastic and susceptible mind to fathom their purpose, to disclose their beauties, and develop their aim. Vandenhoff wanted poetry in his composition to make him a great actor. He possessed passion and deep feeling, and in the display of the stronger mental emotions was powerfully graphic. But without poetical sentiment there is no enthusiasm, and without enthusiasm the artist can never make the spectator *feel he is feeling*. Moreover, there was a lack of refinement and grace in Vandenhoff's bearing which would for ever prevent him from fixing attention by the eye, and which could not fail to render most of his impersonations unsatisfactory and unattractive.

Nevertheless, measured by most of the tragic performers of the present day, Vandenhoff was a veritable Titan. He at least belonged to a school founded and modelled on the first principles of Art, while they think not of Art at all, but follow their own irregular instincts, or, servilely copying the mannerism of some by-gone popularity, fancy them-

selves Keans and Macready. No, wonder, indeed, we have no tragedians now. When Art is deserted, and Truth and Nature are sacrificed, it is the mountebank's holiday, and even Tragedy is compelled to don the cap and bells.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison announce the commencement of the sixth season of English opera at Covent Garden under their management. The theatre is to open on Monday week with Mr. Howard Glover's new opera *Ruy Blas*, the production of which was to have taken place last season, but was postponed.

HANOVER-SQUARE ROOMS.—We are pleased to learn that the lease of the Hanover-square Rooms, with possession of the premises, has fallen into the hands of the liberal proprietor of the building. From the well-known character of that gentleman as a patron of the musical art, we may safely conclude that the Rooms will be still preserved for the purpose which they have so long fulfilled. It would be a thing deeply to be regretted if a locality so long renowned for musical performances of the loftiest kind—if the rooms in which were first heard Haydn's magnificent Symphonies—Rooms consecrated by the old Concerts of Ancient Music, and more recently by the annual programme of the Philharmonic Society (which has just celebrated its year of jubilee)—if these Rooms should pass from memory as the haunt of the highest order of talent. The "Queen's Concert-Rooms," hitherto the resort of the aristocracy of musical genius and of the *élite* of the fashionable world, will still retain their original destination and their rare and national prestige. A concert room of such dimensions, of such rare acoustic properties, and literally hallowed by so many glorious associations, will not be employed for any meaner purpose than that for which it was constructed; and measures, we are assured, are in progress for completely reorganising the establishment, and restoring it to its pristine splendour and usefulness. We are sure the enterprising owner will have with him the hearty good wishes of the public generally and of lovers of music in particular. — *Globe*.

ROYAL GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—We are glad to hear that Mr. and Mrs. German Reed, assisted by Mr. John Parry, will commence another season of their popular entertainments on Wednesday next, the 16th inst. *Our Card Basket* and *The Two Rival Composers* are retained in the programme, but several novelties both musical and illustrative of personal character will be introduced to excite a fresh interest in the performances.

MR. ARTHUR SMITH died at the age of 37. He was well known in literary and theatrical circles as one of the clearest-minded and most practical men of the day. He had the management of his brother's entertainment, and all the business arrangements of Mr. Charles Dickens's readings were intrusted to his care. He was one of the committee of the Thames Fisheries Preservation Society, and the author of a little book called *The Thames Angler*.

DEATH OF MR. VANDENHOFF.—We regret to announce the death of this celebrated actor, which took place on Friday evening (the 4th inst.), at his residence, 34, North Bank, Regent's Park. Mr. Vandenhoff had been for some time suffering from gout, but not so as to confine him to the house. On the morning of his death he walked to his physician and back for the purpose of consulting him. After dinner he was seized, as the event showed, with premonitory symptoms of paralysis, but was still able to retire to his bedroom, and lie down without assistance. A medical gentleman in the neighbourhood was at once sent for, but on his arrival Mr. Vandenhoff was speechless, and shortly afterwards expired. He carries to his grave the unblemished reputation of a long and honourable life. For some time he had given up the practice of his profession, but, though in his 72nd year, he was erect and active, and bore every promise of enjoying for many years to come the warm attachment of a select circle of friends, who valued him for the kindness of his nature and his many virtues. — *Times*.

TRIESTE.—The Italian Opera season has commenced under the most favourable auspices. Donizetti's *Favorita* and Verdi's *Macbeth* have been already performed. Mad. Rosa Csillag, the *prima donna assoluta* of the Company, has achieved great success in both operas.

MR. ALFRED MELLON'S CONCERTS.

THE season will be brought to a termination this evening with Mr. Alfred Mellon's benefit. No doubt the public will respond to the appeal of the director, who has done so much to cater for their amusements in the dull season of the year. To those who were compelled to remain in town during the autumn, the Promenade Concerts proved a positive God-send, since there was nothing else left in the way of attraction. Moreover, the liberal manner in which the concerts were carried out, the excellence of the band, the variety of solo singers, with the introduction of some little-known and some not-at-all-known instrumentalists, are entitled to special notice. Furthermore, Mr. Mellon has to be congratulated for the spirit and enterprise he displayed in the performance of such works as the *Messiah*, *Elijah*, the *Creation*, and the *Stabat Mater* of Rossini, which he alone of all directors of such entertainments ever contemplated presenting to the public. We certainly could have wished that Handel's oratorio had not been curtailed to the single songs; that the chorus who sang in *Elijah* had known something of the music; and that the principals in Rossini's work had been more accomplished artists. None of these works, certainly, was given in any thing like a satisfactory manner; but the crowds they brought to the theatre cannot fail to point out to the director what might be made his principal attraction, and we have no doubt the masterpiece above named will fare better in the execution next year. Better far no *Messiah*, no *Elijah*, no *Creation*, no *Stabat Mater* than an incomplete performance.

The past week has been a busy one, the concerts nightly have exhibited great variety. On Saturday a large section of the National Choral Society sang some part songs and some of Mr. G. W. Martin's prize-glees. The *Creation* was given on Monday with Mlle. Parepa, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Mr. Lewis Thomas as principal soloists. On Thursday Rossini's *Stabat Mater* was performed and attracted perhaps the largest attendance of the season. The solo singers were Mlle. Parepa, Mad. Laura Baxter, Mr. Donald King, and Mr. Wharton. A new pianist of Hungarian celebrity, as the bills announced, named Herr Frederick Boscovitch, was introduced the same evening, and played a fantasia on *Lucia* in such a manner as to leave us utterly unable to pronounce any opinion on his talents. On Friday in last week two new singers made their appearance—Mlle. Georgi and M. Fontanier. The lady was terribly nervous, and our judgment will consequently have to wait on a second hearing. M. Fontanier is a German bass, and sang last season on several occasions. He is by no means a despicable artist, and will be found useful in the present dearth of bass singers.

MADAME GRISI.

THE farewell tour of this eminent *prima donna* commences on Monday next, 14th Oct., with a performance of *Norma* at the Theatre Royal, Bath. During her progress through the provinces, Mad. Grisi will be accompanied by the following party:—Mad. Lemaire, Mlle. Davis, Signor Galvani (*primo tenore* of La Scala and San Carlo Theatres), Signor Aspa, Signor Cresci (*primo bari-tono* of the Theatres Royal Milan, Naples, Turin and Florence), Signor Fallar, Signor Ciampi, Signor Bellini (*regisseur*), Signor Vilagnoni (*suggestore*), and a band and chorus under the direction of Signor Vianesi.

The operas of *Norma* and *Don Giovanni* will be given in nearly all the principal provincial towns. At Manchester, the representations are to take place in the Free-trade Hall, which is now being made available for the purpose. The tour will terminate on December 28th.

Madame Grisi, before bidding a final adieu to the English public, addresses them thus in the following letter:—

TRANSLATION.

"Having made my last appearance in London, I have determined to bring my professional career to a close by a final visit to the principal towns of Great Britain and Ireland.

"In so doing, I believe I am acting consistently, and endeavouring to show how deeply I have treasured the welcome that for many years has been so lavishly bestowed upon me in this country."

"There is something inexpressibly affecting to me in addressing the

word "Farewell" to an English audience; for that farewell is an adieu—and for ever—to the land of my adoption as an *artiste*; to the land in which have been centered all my hopes; in which have been realised my brightest wishes. It is a farewell to a career which, by unexampled generosity and unparalleled kindness has far surpassed my expectations and exceeded my deserts.

To say *adieu*, therefore, to this country inspires me with the deepest regret. That this regret is shared by the English public I venture to believe; for to think otherwise would be to do violence to a support that has never failed me—to a partiality on which I have had but too often to depend. It is this consciousness that mitigates the pain inseparable from such an occasion, and that will always be a source of pleasure to me in my retirement; enhancing the remembrance of those countless acts of favour for which the thousands who have bestowed them will have the heartfelt gratitude of

"GIULIA GRISI."

MANY PARTS AND MANY TIMES.—(From an American Sheet.)

—Glance now at the list of operas in which Madame Grisi has sustained characters, with the number of times she has played in each in London:—*La Gazza Ladra*, 47; *Anna Bolena*, 38; *Otello*, 36; *Don Giovanni*, 82; *La Donna del Lago*, 21; *L'Assedio di Corinto*, 11; *Semiramide*, 41; *Il Barbiere*, 38; *La Sonnambula*, 18; *Marino Faliero*, 8; *I Puritani*, 92; *Prova d'un Opera Seria*, 21; *Norma*, 79; *I Briganti*, 5; *Il Matrimonio Segreto* (*Caroline*), 10; *Ditto* (*Lisetta*), 9; *Malek Adel*, 7; *Ildegonda*, 2; *Parisina*, 6; *Nozze di Figaro*, 22; *Falstaff*, 4; *Lucrezia Borgia*, 97; *Il Giuramento*, 9; *Fausta*, 2; *Roberto Devereux*, 6; *Don Pasquale*, 29; *Cenerentola*, 3; *Don Carlos*, 5; *Corrado d'Altamura*, 1; *Il Pirata*, 1; *I Lombardi*, 11; *I Due Foscari*, 3; *La Favorita*, 26; *Les Huguenots*, 78; *Roberto il Diavolo*, 12; *Il Flauto Magico*, 3; *Le Prophète*, 9; *Il Trovatore*, 13. Some 900 and odd nights are thus accounted for, spread over twenty-seven operatic seasons. For so many years has Madame Grisi been singing in London, on an average of about thirty nights a year.

MISS MARIA B. HAWES.—Who that remembers the singing of this lady in Brighton oratorios, will ever forget the depth of expression and the devotional feeling which characterised her singing of one of the most sublime airs in the *Messiah*, namely, "He was despised." She had a contralto voice of a sonorous quality seldom if ever heard, and there was a peculiarity in her depth of expression that went home to the hearts of her hearers. For some years Miss Hawes (now Mrs. Merest) appears to have forsaken the musical world, but we again hear of her reappearance at Ryde, where she has been residing for the last eight years. She has appeared at a morning and evening concert at Ryde, with great *éclat* preparatory to her reintroduction to a London audience. There is no doubt that Mrs. Merest still retains that same power of refined expression and depth of tone which distinguished her in former years, and if so, she cannot fail to meet with a very flattering reception. We hope she will be induced to pay a professional visit to Brighton, where she has many friends and admirers. In reference to this lady an anecdote is told of her that we have much pleasure in giving. It was for Miss Hawes that Mendelssohn wrote the contralto part of his *Elijah*. When that oratorio was about to be produced at the Birmingham Festival in 1846, there was an effort made to procure omission of the exquisite air, "O rest in the Lord," of which the simple and sacred beauty has been felt as widely perhaps as even that of Handel's "Comfort ye, my people." It was a telling piece, and given to Miss Hawes, who was the youngest of the singers. Mendelssohn, distrustful of his own work, hesitated, and prefaced the rehearsal of it by saying that many persons had thought it had better be omitted, as it was too like "Auld Robin Grey;"—"but perhaps you will kindly try it, Miss Hawes?" And her singing secured its retention. When she had done, "The song shall not be cut out," he said, with animated emphasis. "You have made me like it, and it shall not be omitted."—*Brighton Gazette*.

BERLIN.—Letters from Berlin speak of the *rentrée* of the Sisters Marchisio at the Italian Theatre. They sang in the *Trovatore* with the same success which has attended them wherever they have been heard. The tenor Pancani made a great impression by his singing and performance of Manrico, while Squarcia, the baritone, was greatly applauded as the Count.

FLORENCE.—At the Teatro Pagliano Auber's *Masaniello* has just been performed, introducing a young *debutante* in the person of Mlle. Louisa Van Nourden, who, we can truly say, sang with much grace and artistic knowledge, giving great promise of future excellence. Mlle. Nourden was received with marks of the warmest commendation and favour. — (*L'Italia Artistica*.)

LETTERS FROM AN AMERICAN IN LONDON.

No. 3.

(See MUSICAL WORLD, Oct. 5.)

London, July 4.

If the chorus singing of the Yorkshiresmen in the *Messiah* excelled rather in the heroic quality, than in any especial delicacy or fineness, I certainly can praise their glee singing without any such deduction. This was instanced in a miscellaneous concert which they gave at St. James's Hall on the evening after the Oratorio. It was one of those long London programmes, whose chief sin is their length. There were perhaps three hundred voices—the male counter-tenor taking for the most part the place of the female *contralto*, as is too commonly the case here. The conductor, Mr. R. S. Burton, seemed to have the entire confidence and control of his forces. They sang with unsurpassable precision, spirit, euphony and delicacy some of those old well-worn glees by Bishop, making them seem like new things, and yet the same, so that one wondered to find them after all so beautiful. "Sleep, gentle lady," "When wearied wretches sink to sleep," &c., were rendered with the utmost nicety. Spofforth's "Hail! smiling morn" took everybody off their feet, there was such a sonorous spring to it. Mendelssohn's "Nightingale" (part-song) was exquisite; no one could complain that, "she has not learnt another lay." Her old song still delights us. So too a couple more of his; and Müller's "May Day" made a great impression particularly by the rich and solid mass of big bass on the phrase, "But my honest heart receiving," &c. Bishop's Quintet, "Blow, gentle gales" was artistically given by Mrs. Sunderland and the other soloists who sang in the *Messiah*. (By the way, the tenor on that occasion was Mr. Inkersall, and not Mr. Whitehead: the bill left one to guess which was which.) Sims Reeves, of course, was the crown of the solo-singing; though he might have found better field for his fine abilities than sweetish sentimental airs by Balfe and Kücken. But such a singer can make any song enchanting; he handles every task so artist-like. His voice is sweetness and purity itself, and yet has manly ring and mettle. A more perfect *sostenuto*, a more ductile continuity of tone—the "liquid long drawn out" quality—it would be hard to find. His is the honest, pure *cantabile*, which wins upon the ear by the admirable gradation of tone, by the exquisite rounding of the phrase, by just proportion and fine shading, in a word, by bringing out just what is in a melody, and not by the addition of common-place superfluous ornaments. In a song with chorus, which closed the concert, a quaint old thing by Purcell—

"Come, if you dare, our trumpets sound;
Come, if you dare, our foes rebound:
We come, we come, we come, we come,
Says the double, double, double beat of the thund'ring drum," &c.

we had a touch of the trumpet quality of his full voice, and could understand why he is so famous in the oratorios. Such a greeting as Reeves got from both orchestra and audience would be enough to turn the brain of one less used to it. He seems to be the hero of the singing democracy. For instrumental music, the pride of British pianism, Miss Arabella Goddard, the young lady who has won so many laurels by her easy mastery of Beethoven's great sonata, op. 106 (till recently reputed insurmountably difficult), of Dussek's *Plus Ultra* sonata, &c., treated us, not to examples of such high emprise, to be sure, but to a couple of very beautiful fantasias, to the delight both of the popular and of the classically nice ear. These were, Stephen Heller's transcription of Mendelssohn's melodious "*Auf Flügeln des Gesanges*," and a capital fantasia by Benedict on Dr. Arne's jack-o'-lantern little Puck song, "Where the bee sucks." A happy instinct led Mr. B. to such a flower for honey. The old tune lent itself admirably to his graceful and artistic treatment; in his hands it makes a really characteristic fantasia, charmingly fresh after the Thalberg things have grown common-place. The performer left nothing to be desired—in the matter of quality—but of quantity the people did desire more, and so she gave "The last rose," as not "left blooming alone" by Thalberg.

In this connection I may recall a similar feast of vocalism, which took place in the same hall a few evenings before. It was

the last subscription concert of the Vocal Association, a fine choir of amateurs of both sexes, who enjoy the privilege of such a teacher and conductor as Jules Benedict, than whom there is hardly a more clever or accomplished musician in England. This programme was even longer than the other—so long that nerves fatigued with sight-seeing in this great, bewildering city could not endure the whole of it, even with angelic *harps* relieving the excess of sweets; and so weak human nature was compelled to leave just as our old friend Aptommas made his bow. Of the beginning, too, we lost a sacred part song by Haydn, and a "Hark, the lark" song by Curschmann. Our ears, on entering were greeted by a clear, full flood of harmony, which proved to be a "Christmas-Carol" part-song by Otto Goldschmidt, and which did honour to both choir and composer. Signor Guglielmi sang an air from Handel's *Ezio*, and another by Gounod to words by Lamartine. Miss Stabbach sang a solo with chorus from Bennett's "May Queen," and "My mother bids me bind my hair;" Miss Whitty (an English lady, from Italian theatres), "Non piu mesta," and an *aria* by Coppola; Miss Messent, "Kathleen Mavourneen" and the solo in the Ave Maria from Mendelssohn's *Loreley*; Miss Koch, one of the great airs from *Clemenza di Tito*. All respectably well, I dare say, but leaving no distinct remembrance on the fatigued brain. The chorus pieces did impress themselves, and were right edifying; a chorale by Bach especially; and another, by Graun, and Mendelssohn's part-song "O hills, O vales;" all finely sung. Nor can one forget the masterly manner in which Rossini's humorous "Papataci" trio was sung by the Signori Belart, Garcia and Belletti; or the duet from *The Barber*, "All' idea di quel metallo," by Belart and Belletti. Belart has a capital light tenor, which he displayed artistically in an aria from Cimarosa's *Matrimonio Segreto*. Belletti, for solo, gave the Duke's aria in *Lucrezia Borgia*. One of the best of baritones is he—grown stouter since the Jenny Lind times in America. A very young pianist, Miss Alice Mangold, played a prelude by Bach, and some of the more difficult of Henselt's graceful pieces, with the tasteful ease of a mature artist. And this was not all; but enough for a specimen of scores of such miscellaneous concerts in London, of which this was probably one of the best.

We turn now to a greater theme—too great to enter fully into in a letter. Mr. Charles Hallé, of world-wide repute as one of the first classical pianists and musicians of the day, is a German by birth, who first made an enviable name for himself in Paris, and has since lived for many years in Manchester, England, where a great activity in the highest classical direction has received its constant impulse and control from him. Manchester at any price retains its hold upon him; but to the London season his presence is also indispensable. This season he has been putting the crown upon his many musical good works by giving a series of eight "Beethoven Recitals," in which he is performing in course, in the order of their *opus* numbers, all the (thirty-two) sonatas which Beethoven wrote for the pianoforte unaccompanied. It will be my rare good fortune to have attended the last three of these. Of two I can already speak. They are "morning concerts," held on successive Fridays from three till five o'clock p.m., in St. James's Hall. The scene itself is interesting. Imagine an audience of five or six hundred persons, ladies vastly in the majority, but including most of the earnest amateurs and artists of the city, an eminently refined, severe, and therefore the most flattering audience, listening in earnest silence, many of them with copies of the score in hand, for two hours at a time, to such interpretations of all the Beethoven Sonatas as one is seldom privileged to hear of three or four of them! And the attention does not give out with the few well-known specimens, with those that are esteemed the clearest, those which have something popular and taking about them or which lie nearest to the common plane of moods and sympathies; they follow him, or at least reverently try to follow him, the wonderful tone-poet, into the remoter reaches of his inspiration, into long and arduous passages reputed transcendental and obscure, into the depths where his great soul wrestled with unseen enemies, with Fate itself, and won sweet victory for ever. They follow, undimmed by technical difficulties and what seemed labyrinthine or insane anomalies of form, led by the sure hand of this interpreter, who holds the thread of it all, and find and feel that on the inside all is poesy and light, the clearest spiritual meaning, high, distinct,

triumphant purpose, the happiest vision and reward of fancy, the directest warmest utterance of a man's heart, a great one greatly tried and greatly persevering and believing, plucking an eternal rose of Beauty out of every nettle danger. More or less, we mean of course, according to the musical and moral fitness of the listener; and no one dares say that he appreciates Beethoven fully. But it was something to see an audience so bent on understanding all it could, and for the most part so manifestly gratified. A few restless symptoms in here or there a group or couple, caught beyond their depth, were only the exceptions which prove the rule. "Analytical programmes," prepared with tact and understanding by Mr. J. W. Davison, put the listener without a score in possession of the historical origin, the general design and characteristics of each sonata, together with the notes of leading themes and striking points of treatment. Such aid is worth the shilling.

In his sixth "Recital," June 21st, Mr. Hallé opened with the sonata in F, op. 54, which consists of only two movements (*Tempo di minuetto*, and *Allegretto*), one of the least elaborate or striking perhaps of the series, but still unmistakably Beethoven's, and interesting in the course. Then came a song (in English) from Glück's *Iphigenia in Tauris*—worthy relief for such a programme, worthily presented by Sims Reeves. Next the grand *Sonata Appassionata*, in F minor, op. 57, one of the great ones, full of fire, original and moody fancy, and of wondrous art. Mr. Hallé gave an unimpeachably clean, tasteful, forcible and finished reading of it. We could have wished a little more fire, more nervous abandon in his playing. Every other excellence it had; but it seemed (like most of his rendering) a masterly and faultless reading by one of a much cooler brain than that from which the composition sprang; it lacked the Beethoven temperament. The third lesson of the day was the lovely sonata in the difficult key of F sharp major, op. 78, commencing with a brief, questioning *adagio*, answered at length by an *allegro ma non troppo*, and followed by only a second movement *Allegro vivace*, in the same key; both developed out of most melodious and unique themes, a work of the finest beauty, but too baffling to most fingers to have become widely known. It will be admired in London after this. An indifferent ballad by Sims Reeves, and then, fourthly and finally, that lively, happy, sunshiny little sonata, sometimes called the "Queen of Sonatas," in G major, op. 79, which opens with a rapid waltz-like measure (*Presto alla Tedesco*) inimitably fine and unique in its phrasings and its modulations, and yet as spontaneous as it is singular. This is followed by an *Andante espressivo* in G minor, nine-eighths measure, which sounds like some old *Volkslied*. The happiest and playfullest of *Vivace*, one might say *Scherzo* movements, but for the 2-4 time, concludes it. He played this to a charm. We have heard the old Moscheles also play it *con amore* in his hospitable home in Leipzig. Here we must break off in the middle. D.

RESTORATION OF RIPON CATHEDRAL.—A meeting was held at Ripon on Friday, to take steps for the repair and restoration of Ripon Cathedral. Earl De Grey and Ripon presided, and there was a numerous and influential attendance, among whom were the Archbishop of York, the Bishop of Ripon, Lord Teignmouth, the Dean of Ripon (Dr. Goode), the Mayor of Ripon, Mr. J. Greenwood, M.P., Mr. R. A. Viner, M.P., &c. The attention of the Dean and Chapter of the Cathedral has from time to time been drawn to the dilapidated state of the fabric, and Mr. Gilbert Scott, the eminent architect, has recently been consulted about it. He reports that some portions of the sacred edifice are in a dangerous state, and that other portions require considerable repair to restore the structure to its original beauty. The cost of the necessary repairs he estimates at 17,000*l.*, of the improvements and redecoration at 10,000*l.*, and of the refitting, warming, and lighting at 5,000*l.*, making a total of 32,000*l.* A resolution was unanimously passed, to the effect that immediate steps should be taken to obtain the requisite funds for the restoration of the cathedral, and subscriptions (which may be extended over a period of four years) were announced at the meeting to the amount of upwards of 8000*l.* Among the subscriptions were the Rev. Canon Gray, 1000*l.*; the Rev. Thomas Collins, 1000*l.*; Earl De Grey and Ripon, 500*l.*; the Rev. Canon Worsley, 500*l.*; the Ven. Archdeacon Dodgson, 500*l.*; the

Bishop of Ripon, 300*l.*; the Rev. G. Mason, 300*l.*; Mr. J. Brown, M.P. 250*l.*; Lord Wharnccliffe, the Rev. Canon Atlay, Mr. F. Greenwood, Mr. John Gott, Mr. E. Akroyd, Mr. W. Beckett, and Mr. Wheatley Balnie, 200*l.* each; the Archbishop of York, the Dean of Ripon, and others, 100*l.* each, and several smaller subscriptions.

Provincial.

THERE is little news from the "counties" (the *Saturday Review* forbids us to say "provinces"). From LEEDS a correspondent writes as follows:—

"An attempt was made in the Town Council last Monday to reduce the salary of Dr. Spark, the organist, from 200*l.* to 100*l.* per annum. This attempt has created considerable disgust amongst the patrons of art in Leeds, especially as it originated with a person who is a member of the legal profession. To expect any gentleman to give one hundred performances in twelve months, and to devote the time and immense labour necessary for them, at the rate of twenty shillings a performance, is an insult which we hope only few Town Councillors even would offer. A long discussion took place, and on a division every alderman present and the most respectable portion of the council voted against the proposed reduction. The motion was lost. The Saturday-night Concerts will commence next week, and Dr. Spark's organ performances are arranged to be given every Tuesday evening during the winter."

A correspondent sends us the following account of a concert given at PENZANCE by the Penzance Choral Society:—

"On Tuesday evening, Sept. 24th, the members gave a grand concert in the Assembly-room, Union Hotel. The room was well filled. The choir consisted of nearly eighty persons. Part I. commenced with the 43rd Psalm (eight parts), "Judge me, O God" (Mendelssohn). The passage, "Send out thy light," was a piece of execution well worthy of this brilliant composition; and the other fine passage, "Hope in the Lord," was sustained with equal power. Mozart's "Ave Verum" was delivered with excellent effect, the lights and shades being put in with much feeling. "Praise Jehovah" (Mendelssohn). The first chorus was led off in first-rate style, the whole mass of voices swinging about like the peals of a grand organ. In the second movement the sopranos and altos sang in excellent character. The soprano solo, Mrs. Nunn (with chorus), was performed with capital effect. The soprano solo, Mrs. Nunn, "Lord, at all times I will bless Thee," was delivered in good style. The passage, "When the poor man wept and craved," was given with deep pathos, showing true appreciation of both poet and artist. For this effort, Mrs. Nunn received great applause. The chorus, "Bless the people," was sung with much power. The quartet and chorus, "When they thirsted," was given with much appreciation, and the whole concluded in a manner very creditable to conductor and choir. There is no doubt this is the best singing ever done in the county. Of course, in the delivery of so long a composition, there were some weak points; but many London classes do not produce more effective singing than was afforded by this entertainment. We notice briefly part II. "Santa Maria" *Dinorah* (Meyerbeer) was a selection from an opera for twelve voices, and was sung in an ante-room very agreeably and successfully. It was most resolutely encoered and repeated. Fantasia, flute (Wallich), was performed by Mr. W. G. Nichols of London in a manner which was beyond all praise. "The Storm," a song by Mr. Hullah, again called forth Mrs. Nunn, who again received great applause. A solo, violin, *Lucrezia Borgia* (M. Sainton), was given by Master A. F. Ralph in a manner which raised the excitement of the audience to the highest pitch, and the last movement was repeated. Mr. and Mrs. Hemmings performed a concertante duo, piano and violin (Osborne and De Beriot), with a power and effect which left nothing to be desired. The performance of Mr. H. Leslie's clever part-songs, "The Troubadour" and "The Flax-spinner," written expressly for the Penzance choir, gained much applause; and Mendelssohn's "Hunting Song," which presents unusual difficulties, was a very effective piece of vocalisation. The entire concert reflects high credit on Mr. Nunn's ability for conducting choral performances. The class shows considerable cultivation, and the inhabitants of Penzance may congratulate themselves on being able to command the services of Mr. Nunn.

The *Albion* renders the following account of Mlle. Patti's appearance at St. George's Hall, Liverpool:—One of the most crowded audiences we ever witnessed was attracted to the noble St. George's Hall on Tuesday last, by the announcement of Mlle. Patti's appearance in a miscellaneous concert. Every seat in the place was

occupied, and a large concourse of persons were unable to obtain admission. Patti received a perfect ovation, and the assiduity which she displayed in her efforts to give satisfaction certainly entitled her to the warm admiration she elicited. In addition to an Italian aria, she delighted the audience by her plaintive rendering of "Home, sweet home," which she had the good taste to sing without introducing a single superfluous note. Subsequently she sang two Scotch ballads, with an amount of archness and piquancy which almost created a *furor*. But Patti's *chef d'œuvre* was Eckart's "Swiss Echo Song," which was rendered with marvellous accuracy. This was assuredly the gem of the concert, and as such it excited the liveliest demonstrations of approval. On the whole Patti's *début* before the general concert-going public of Liverpool was an unmistakable triumph, and the fair songstress appeared to appreciate the genuine warmth of her reception.

REOPENING OF LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL.—The reopening of the cathedral after its partial restoration will take place on Tuesday, the 22nd of October. It has been thought desirable not to delay any longer the reopening of the cathedral, in order that the whole of its area may be henceforth available on the various occasions which collect within its large numbers of worshippers from different parts of the diocese. Future progress in the restoration will not interrupt the daily services. It may also be inferred that, if the opening be postponed until all deficiencies are supplied, many years must pass before the entire cathedral can be presented for the use of the diocese. If, as is already the case, 5000*l.* has been contributed towards the restoration, it cannot be doubted that a like sum must be raised to secure completion. Much still remains to be done; the reredos (estimated cost, 2300*l.*) with the sedilia, the fitting up of the Lady Chapel for an early service, screens east of the stall-work, pulpit, and due supply of seats, the restoration of the windows in the south transept aisle, the reflooring of a large part of the area, the repair of the arcading in the nave, the improvement of the debased west window, the restoration of the chapter house and library, the provision of vestries, and, by degrees, perhaps the introduction of additional stained windows,—these works will be proceeded with as means for their execution are provided. We are persuaded that what has been already done will not only be thought to point to immediate reopening, but will lead to such further exertion on the part of the diocese as may enable the work to proceed. The liberality of the diocese has enabled the greater part of the dilapidated or wantonly destroyed stonework to be restored, the whitewash of long standing to be removed, the Bishop's throne and stall-work to be completed, the pavement of the choir to be ordered (although it will not be entirely laid), and a light and open screen to be substituted for the former complete separation of the church into two parts; besides the introduction of many costly requisites,—the organ, the font, the lectern with Bible and Litany-desk, lighting standards, and candlesticks, books of service, embroidered altar cloth, poor's-box, &c., many of which have been the gifts of individual benefactors.

THE CHAPEL ROYAL OF ST. GEORGE.—The Dean and Canons of Windsor, in consequence of the number of Canons being reduced, through the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, to the *minimum* number of four, have considered it expedient to elect an additional Minor Canon to their number of five, who will be expected to reside constantly within the precincts of the Castle, and perform such extra duties as may be required of him in consequence of the present reduction of Canons; and we are gratified to learn that on this occasion the Dean and Chapter have offered their senior Minor Canon, the Rev. B. Pope, the distinction of Honorary Canon, with his full stipend and exemption from duty, after 44 years' faithful services. The Rev. Mr. Pope, although at the advanced age of 80, is still in the full vigour of health as well as of voice. When are we to have a Windsor Musical Festival? The London reporters are anxious to know.

NEW YORK.—The Mendelssohn Quintet Club are about to start on a little summer tour; going to Brunswick and Middleboro, to attend the college commencements in those places, and giving a few concerts there and in the neighbouring towns. To our readers in those places we need hardly say any more of the rich treat that is in store for them, for our columns have often reported the excellencies of their performances, and we should be at a loss to find new terms in which to commend them to the audiences that are yet to listen to them. The best of music, played as this club play it, will be no small enjoyment in these times when pleasures are few.

The Brooklyn Philharmonic Society has finished its fourth

season. All bills are paid, and the treasurer shows a balance of 2000 dollars. The orchestra is capital, and is composed of fifty of the *élite* in their profession—Mr. Theo. Eisfeld conductor.

First Concert, Nov. 17, 1860.—Second Symphony, D major, Beethoven; Overture, "Byron's Manfred," Schumann; Overture, "A Night's Sojourn in Granada," Kreutzer. Soloists—Mad. Fabbri, Signor Stigelli, and Mr. F. Bergner (violinello).

Second Concert, Jan. 19, 1861.—Third Symphony, A minor (Recollections of Scotland), Mendelssohn; Overture, "The Bride of Kynast," Litolff; Overture, "Euryanthe," Von Weber. Soloists—Mad. Colson, Signor Ferri, and Mr. L. Schreiber (cornet-a-piston).

Third Concert, Feb. 16th.—Symphony in B flat, Gade; Overture, "Magic Flute," Mozart; Overture, Tannhäuser, Wagner. Soloists—Miss Hinkley, Signora Elena, Signor Susini, and a quartet of French horns (H. Schmitz, Prah, Lacroix, and G. Schmitz).

Fourth Concert, March 23rd.—Fourth Symphony in B flat, Beethoven; Overture, "King Lear," Berlioz; Selections, "Midsummer Night's Dream," Mendelssohn. Soloists—Miss Carlotta Patti, Mad. Strakosch, Mr. Robert Goldbeck (pianoforte).

Fifth Concert, April 27.—Symphony in F major (Consecration of Sound), Spohr; Overture, "Elinore," Beethoven; Overture, "Olympia," Spontini. Soloists—Miss Kellogg and Mr. C. Koppitz (flute).

Extra Concert in aid of the Patriotic Fund, May 18.—Overtures, "William Tell," "Massaniello," "War Gallop," E. Mollenhauer; New National Song, words by Gen. George P. Morris, music by Signor Muzio. Soloists—Misses Hinkley and Kellogg, Signori Brignoli, Susini, Centemeri, Mr. L. Schreiber (cornet-a-piston), Mr. Geo. Wm. Warren (pianoforte and Alexandre organ). Chorus from the Italian opera conductors, Mr. Eisfeld and Signor Muzio.

This extra concert gave the Patriotic Fund 900 dollars after paying all expenses. The "Academy" was beautifully decorated with flags and flowers, and the occasion was delightful in every way. The artists all volunteered, of course, and so sang and played *con amore*. The attendance during the whole season has been excellent (that 2000 dollars over and above being the proof), and our new and very handsome Opera-house presented on each occasion a gay appearance, for Brooklyn is replete with beauties, who dress charmingly, and, although they chat over-much (no thanks to those fascinating young men) at all rehearsals, and even in a less degree at concerts, still they love music, make the papers support the "Philharmonics" and the Opera, and give zest to all musical undertakings among us.

The *Boston Post* asks, "Who wants a better 'National Him' than Gen. Scott?" *Hartford Courant* answers, "Nobody, Mr. Post. We can get along with that and 'Uncle Psalm.'"—*Correspondence of "Dwight's Journal of Music," Boston, July 29.*

COLOGNE.—On the 15th instant the King and Queen of Prussia were present at a concert given in their honour in the Gürzenich. They were greeted on their arrival by loud cheers and by the Prussian national hymn, which is the same as the English. The concert opened with Spontini's overture to *Olympia*. A sacred song, "Alla Trinità beata," written in the fifteenth century, was then sung *a capella*. After this came *Lorelei* (poetry by Wolfgang Müller von Königswinter, music by Ferdinand Hiller, by whom it is dedicated to her Royal Highness the Grand Duchess Louisa of Baden), and Weber's overture to *Euryanthe*. This concluded the first part of the concert. During the pause which ensued, their Majesties advanced to the orchestra, and conversed in the kindest manner with Herr Ferdinand Hiller, whom they complimented both on the performance generally, and on the composition of *Lorelei*. They also made several inquiries as to the constitution of the chorus, and addressed some complimentary remarks to the solo singers. Finally the King, pointing particularly to the young ladies of the chorus, requested Herr Ferdinand Hiller to convey his thanks to every one concerned. The second part of the concert began with three songs, sung by the Cologne Männergesangverein, under the direction of Herr F. Weber, the first being dedicated to the King and the second to the Queen. At the conclusion of the first, three enthusiastic cheers were given for their Majesties, Ober-Burgomaster Stupp setting the example. A hymn for chorus and orchestra—composed by Handel for the coronation of George II. in 1727—concluded the performance. Their Majesties afterwards drove through the town, to see the illuminations everywhere displayed in their honour.

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